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L Y S I A S:

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D I A L O G U E

CONCERNING  
BEAUTY and VIRTUE.



D U B L I N:

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DIALOGUE

CONVERSATION

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE



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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE  
Countess of MARCHMONT,  
THIS  
DIALOGUE  
CONCERNING  
BEAUTY and VIRTUE  
IS  
WITH ALL HUMILITY  
INSCRIBED  
By the EDITOR.

TO THE  
HONORABLE

COUNCIL OF MARSHMONT

AND A LOGUE

CONCERNING

THE VIRTUE

OF HUMILITY

IN 1780

By the Editor.





# LYSIAS:

OR, A

## DIALOGUE

CONCERNING

## BEAUTY.

---

ISMENE.

**W**HAT a waste have two years  
made in the youth and beau-  
ties of *Antigone*?

CRITOBULUS.

The bloom of *Antigone* is indeed  
impaired; but what *Ismene* calls a

A 3

waste,

waste, possibly may be no more than a change of charms. Hath the gay, intelligent, affected *Antigone* less followers than when the modest blush tinged her cheek at every insinuation to her praise? Beauty, *Ismene*, is a word of vague signification, to which no determined ideas are affixed. It is the taste of this or that *Briton*; of the sultry sons of *Africa*, or the frozen inhabitants of *Zembla*; it is fair or brown; familiar or majestic, inviting love, or compelling admiration; it lives in the appetites of men, and, like them, is uncertain. That winding river, and yon straight canal have each its patrons, and this wild elegance of unchecked nature which seems to me so lovely, is to *Cratander* less ingaging than the pruned gardens of *Holland*. The pinched foot of *China* is despised by the more elegant



elegant *Persian*, and the thick lip and flat nose of *Guinea* find no lovers in the courts of *Europe*. Beauty is the child of climate, of education, of bodily constitution: it differs in every degree from the pole to the equator; and even in the same climate, what one admires with rapture, another beholds with coldness.

ISMENE.

Have then all the dissensions, all the battles with which history abounds, been for that which hath no existence but in imagination?

CRITOBULUS.

To me, *Ismene*, it seems, they were caused not by any real external beauty, but by some harmony in the

A 4 constitutions

constitutions of men, which induced them to think certain objects more capable of giving pleasure than others, and therefore to become rivals for these objects. *Troy* was overturned by the similar tastes of two princes for the daughter of *Tyndarus*; yet *Achilles* would not have preferred her to his captive-maid *Briseis*: And *Egypt* and *Rome* were involved in war by a queen whom many a soldier would have neglected for the trull who dressed his tent. Men, having different appetites, and looking on objects with views to their own indulgence, pronounce them beautiful as they flatter them with that indulgence. That the human mind hath excellencies universally admired, I will not deny; but to affirm there is a certain corporeal beauty capable of description, and affecting



affecting all mankind alike, would be to determine what seems to me incapable of ascertainment.

IS MENE.

I confess myself far unequal to answer the arguments of *Critobulus*, and could wish my *Lyfias*, who, notwithstanding his constancy to *Ismene*, is an avowed admirer of beauty, would vindicate an assertion so often repeated, That every prudent woman should study to be beautiful.

THERAMENES.

I will second the request, and doubt not but *Lyfias* will prove what he hath often maintained, That there is a beauty independent of climate or education,

education, which is admired universally by mankind, and therefore to mankind is certain beauty. And, since this subject hath engaged us, what place so fit for such conversation as this garden-plot, this nursery of flowers and beauty, that seem to flourish more gladly under the tendence of *Ismene*.

**LYSIAS.**

*Ismene* and *Theramenes* have every claim from *Lysias*, which love and friendship are intituled to.

**CRITOBULUS.**

I will also further their request, for I would gladly learn by what arguments *Lysias* will maintain the existence of beauty independent of taste,



taste, and what causes induced him to recommend to the study of every prudent woman the art of being beautiful.

All consented in one desire, and *Lyfias*, on whose arm *Ismene* leaned, thus introduced his sentiments,

#### LYSIAS.

I have known *Critobulus* more than once successful on that side of a question which seemed defenceless; give but where to lay a stone, and no person is more ingenious at raising the pile; I may farther say, that no man is more skilful at edging in a foundation stone, and surprising us with a beautiful structure ere we discover upon what it is built. I have  
often

often thought his talents so far passing those of common men, that they could only find employment by being exerted on the weak side. To defend what is naturally strong asks only moderate abilities, and gives little glory; but to prevail in despite of difficulties and disadvantage is glorious as it is uncommon. So ingeniously hath *Critobulus* supported a question against beauty, that I should conclude he was an admirer of deformity, if there was less beauty in his arguments; but like him who proved the power of arts and sciences by his ingenious dispraise of them, he hath betrayed an exquisite sense of beauty by an elegant satire against it.

You begin with this ingenuous confession, that there are different kinds of beauty which please different



rent tastes ; and illustrate this by the inclinations of men to fair or brown, familiar or majestic, formal or easy, in the female sex ; to regular or wild in gardens, to winding rivers or straight canals, the natural branching of the pine, or the clipped formality of the yew ; and you conclude that beauty is only a relative to the human taste, as various as the fancies of men, and therefore nothing can be affirmed absolutely beautiful. You will, therefore, indulge me first in attempting to maintain, That in every part of the creation there is a tendency to perfection, which is a tendency to beauty. Oppress the smallest plant, when it hath shot beyond the pressure it will spring upwards, diffuse its foliage, and, like the Acanthus, adorn its oppressor. It must be owned, that few objects attain perfection,

perfection, and, therefore, few are absolutely beautiful, for nature hath distributed the excellences of every species or kind in different proportions, and blended disadvantages with them, lest, if all was given to one, nothing should remain to bestow on the rest; thereby giving a proof of her superior wisdom, and an occasion to mankind of exercising their various judgments. *Zeuxis* was happy in his judgment, when from the *Crotonian* ladies he so artfully formed his standard of female excellence, and so blended their various charms, that none of the originals could affirm any part of the picture was taken from her, and yet the five were celebrated for beauty.

I said the progress of nature was towards perfection and beauty, and  
*Crotona*



*Crotona* is a proof of what I would maintain. Its youths and its virgins excelled all the *Italians*; unchecked by sloth or intemperance, nature exerted her tendency to health and symmetry, to perfection and beauty. Ask the rude *Indian*, who gives nature her course? He will tell you, that his females are tall and straight: Or, look among our yeomanry, where temperance mostly prevails, and the pernicious custom of binding infants in whalebone hath not yet become general, the women are remarkably perfect in figure. At the court, where many idle fashions find patronage, and intemperance checks the course of providence, the women are in form very defective: Nature is curbed; and whether by intemperance or fashion, still it is a check; she is stayed in her progress to perfection,

in

in that tendency which I call *an Appetite of Beauty*. The plant while it is oppressed grows deformed, but its future progress is to use and beauty, to spring upwards and spread its branches equally. Look into the mineral world; their tendency is to attract substances like themselves: Would the diamond be of equal beauty or value, if compounded of other gems? *Critobulus* could supply me with numberless instances.

But I have said, that this tendency to perfection is an appetite of beauty, and I am unwilling to recall it. If the diamond was softer, it would be less durable, therefore more imperfect; it would also be less brilliant and less beautiful. What artisan prefers the pine whose trunk is crooked, or who stands to admire it? The  
perfection



perfection of the human body lies in its fitness for the uses of life, and those who are best fitted for such uses are the most beautiful. Go to all the academies for bodily exercise, and you will generally find the most quick in learning and graceful in performing in the number of the handsome. If then beauty is but another name for perfection, it seems not unreasonable that it should be admired; and you confess that it is, but still maintain, that it is a vague undetermined thing existing in the different tastes of men, and, therefore, not to be fixed or pronounced of with certainty; and you dwell on the human species and the female sex. I said before, That nothing is compleat; yet in every species of being, nature hath been kind enough to give us ideas of their perfection from that

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share

share which she hath given them; through the general she hath mixed advantage and disadvantage, but to some hath been more liberal of the former, and singled out a few as examples of her power. You have seen a fine woman attract the eyes of a theatre, and detain them from an eminent actor: Can it be said, that all the spectators had tastes and fancies alike? Some had married tall, some low, some fair, and others brown women; and yet a woman differing from them all is universally pleasing. Is this whim or caprice? Their applause is involuntary, and therefore compelled; it is compelled by a sense which they cannot resist; it is antecedent to reflection, and proves the superior excellence of beauty by running before deliberation. Indeed such impressions are rare, for  
great



great beauty is rare: Perfection and defect are almost equally blended, and hence arise the various inclinations of men, one chusing this beauty joined with that defect, another preferring a different composition; yet, I believe, that man is not to be found who doth not instantly pay the tribute of admiration to her whose outward perfections greatly overbalance her defects. You will bear me witness, that it is done without thought, and I take all these involuntary approbations to be the strongest proofs of the perfection of the objects approved.

Another argument in favour of real beauty I shall borrow from the works of the most eminent painters and statuaries. They never copied nature in her ordinary productions, for concerning those mankind would

differ ; they sought objects to which she had been most liberal of ornament, and by imitating these, maintained a rivalry with her. *Cnidos* had its marble, *Coos* its painted *Venus* ; *Athens* gloried in its marble *Iacchus*, its painted *Parhalus*, and the brazen cow of *Myron*, and *Rhodes* was saved by the *Jalysus* of *Protogenes*. As copies of nature, they were admired ; but as copies of *beautiful* nature, they were held inestimable ; they were visited as ornaments and honours to cities, because they resembled such living nature as all mankind admire.

One of the great charges against *Verres* was, that he stripped *Sicily* of its pictures and statues. *Cicero* declares the *Greeks* bore no misfortunes worse than such spoilings of their temples and towns ; therefore  
the



the works of their great artists were usually left to them as solaces of their fall. But, *Critobulus*, if there was nothing really excellent, I mean, *beautiful* in nature, which gave general delight, no work of these arts could be so. If men differed about every operation of nature, as they do about her ordinary productions, they would differ also about every imitation of nature. Would then a whole city be seen mourning for a single statue or picture? Would the possession of such things solace states in their servitude if they were divided and doubtful concerning their beauty? You will say, the artist, like *Zeuxis*, may select beauties from different persons, and so combine them as to make a work surpassing nature and universally delighting; but, is not this an admission, that there may be combinations

really beautiful, and history is not without examples that such have existed. The favourite mistress of *Pompey* so far passed ordinary women, and even all that artists could select and combine, that it was a glory to copy her exactly, and the best copy was esteemed an ornament of the capitol. Even the *Coan* beauty, the master-work of *Apelles*, was but the picture of his fair *Campaspe*.

#### C R I T O B U L U S .

But tell me, *Lysias*, could the *Coan* beauty be more admired than the works of *Titian* or *Guido*? Yet, the beauties of *Titian* and *Guido* are unlike, and it is more than probable, the *Campaspe* of *Apelles* differed widely from both. The most celebrated painters of later ages, *Raphael*,  
*Angelo*,



*Angelo*, and *Corregio*, are different in their taste, yet so excellent, that their peculiar admirers would have nothing taken away, or added to their compositions. Why then lay down any form, or prescribe any rule of beauty, since this or that figure and colour may excel in their kind, and the kinds are many? Or, why, say that any thing is really beautiful, since the most exquisite judges have differed in expressing their ideas of it?

L Y S I A S.

*Critobulus*, I am not perswaded by this reasoning that there is not in all species of things some that excel, *some things best*, to the resemblances of which a few of these great artists approached nearer than others, and therefore all were not equally eminent.

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That they differed is not strange ; the bodily constitutions of men give a bias to their taste, the customs of countries do the same, and few can rise above prejudice ; he who is most superior to it bids fairest for pre-eminence. The graces of *Reubens* are too corpulent, another's are too aerial ; this might flow from the constitutions of the men ; but who ever beheld the *Venus* of *Florence* without admiration, or could look on such an original without love ? Yet I contend there are living figures of surpassing beauty ; figures, which, like the genius of *Murray* or *Pit*, are at once seen and applauded. The finest work of art, *Critobulus*, is valued only according to its resemblance of nature ; the best artists approach the nearest to her, but the nearest fall short.

Now,



Now, *Critobulus*, while I follow the example of our *British* authors, and attempt a short *character* of beauty, permit me to intersperse such reflections as may shew it is not in all respects beyond human attainment, in many capable of improvement, and thereby explain, why I have so often asserted to *Ismene*, that a prudent woman should study to be beautiful. Colour, figure, expression and grace seem to comprehend all that can be affirmed with precision concerning beauty, and all these are visible and have their different degrees of applause. Colour, though in the least estimation, hath given ample employment to the muse. The divinities of *Homer* are not better known by their attributes of mind than by the *rosy-finger*, the *blue-eye*, and  
*snowy-*

*snowy-arm* ; and when *Juno* is meditating how to change the purposes of *Jove*, she is doubtful whether she will prevail more by affection, or sweetness of colour ; Φιλοτητι η χροιη. The fragrance of the rose is not so attractive as its blush ; but how much more engaging are the blushes which paint the cheek of modest innocence ? Strip the peacock of his enamelled plumage, and the peasant will no more stop to admire him ; yet varied as his colours are and striking, let a beautiful woman appear, and the peasant will find variety more attractive. Perhaps he may not attend to it, but it is variety in woman, even of colour, which attracts him. A pale complexion, fair hair, white lips, eyes and eye-brows create disgust instead of admiration ; spread living roses on the cheek, give rubies to the lip,



lip, hazel to the eye, and a bright brown to the eye-brows and the hair, and how different will the face thus diversified in colour appear?

Concerning the degrees of fair or brown, different climates have different opinions, and fair and brown in the same climate have their different advocates; yet, in every country, that colour which wears the appearance of health, accompanied by a well-mixed softness and smoothness of skin, is pleasing to the eye, and flatters the feeling.

FIGURE hath more to recommend it than colour, for we cannot easily separate from it the idea of use, of fitness or unfitness for the several employments of life. The figure best calculated for these, strikes with the

the greatest beauty, so wisely hath nature blended elegance with advantage, that one is inseparable from the other. Limbs which are straight, are best fitted for every movement and exercise; the same are also most pleasing to the eye. Erectness in the head and the neck contributes most to health, and so also to dignity.

It is remarked by the ingenious *Hogarth*, that circles have more beauty than straight lines, and that a flowing line consisting of two parts of a circle contrasted, hath the highest beauty. If the leg be of one continued thickness, it displeases; swell the calf, and it forms the line which he describes both with the upper and lower part of the leg; it makes variety of lights and shadows; and from  
this



this variety results beauty. The female form is an assemblage of these elegant lines; they are seen in the lips, in the eye-lids and eye-brows, they flow from the head to the shoulders, and run in all directions over the breasts, winding down the whole body, and twining to the last extremity of the foot. *Hogarth* is enthusiastic in the praises of this line, as if he had made a new discovery; whereas *Fresnoy*, with more moderation, gives it a place among the lines which contribute most to beauty.

*Membrorumque situs ignis flammantis  
ad instar  
Serpenti undantes flexu.*

It is certainly a line which nature seems to delight in, from the twisting

ing of vines and winding of rivers  
to the mazes of the female form.

Though figure strikes more than  
colour, yet mankind are not less  
divided in their choice of figure,  
some preferring tall, others low,  
some corpulent, and others slender  
forms; yet, there are certain pro-  
portions which all men approve;  
and figures of moderate stature with  
such proportions are universally con-  
fessed to be beautiful. The beauty  
of figure results from a happy as-  
semblage of all its parts; yet, each  
part of a fine form hath its separate  
excellence, and the minutest is an  
ample subject of admiration to the  
eyes of the curious. *Homer* hath  
even celebrated the ankle of *Marpis-  
sa*, and made it an epithet of beauty  
in



in a woman, for whom *Idas* bent his bow against *Apollo*;

ἤκαστιον ἔλεγε πόρον  
Φοίβε 'Απόλλων', καλλισφύρε ἔνεκα ρύμης

Warr'd with the god for the fair ankled maid.

HOMER's *Iliad*, lib. ix. l. 555.

The effect of figure seems to be greatly heightened by associated ideas of touch, which connect themselves to that more than to colour; and to this in some degree it may be owing, that the *Venus* of *Florence* will draw the eye from the finest beauty of *Guido*, *Corregio*, or, *Raphael*.

All the beauty derived solely from the body, which is not undeserving of improvement, consists in symmetry of figure and sweetness of colour. Indolence and luxury are enemies to both; temperance and  
exercise

exercise improve them. To the dignity of figure in men, those exercises contribute most which give strength and courage; to the beauty of females, such as bring health with the least perturbation of mind. To men, warlike exercise gives strength and spirit; to women, domestic employment, brings health and the most regular tranquillity of mind. In the elegant conversation of *Xenophon* concerning œconomics, *Ischomachus*, having observed his wife more ruddy in complexion and taller by means of high sandals than nature had made her, thus questions her; “ Tell me, consort, would  
 “ you think me a more worthy  
 “ partner in fortune if I should shew  
 “ you my real possessions, neither  
 “ glorying of more, nor by conceal-  
 “ ment making them less; or if I  
 “ should



“ should endeavour to deceive you  
 “ by boasting of more than I possess-  
 “ ed, and exposing adulterated sil-  
 “ ver, counterfeit jewels, and mock  
 “ purple as real. — Peace, she said,  
 “ act no such part, for I could never  
 “ from my soul embrace *Ischomachus*  
 “ if he could stoop to such deceit. —  
 “ And are we not, my wife, part-  
 “ ners of our bodies also? --- Men say  
 “ so, she replied. --- Tell me then,  
 “ whether I should seem a more  
 “ worthy partner, by preserving  
 “ mine healthful and strong, and  
 “ therefore well complexioned, or by  
 “ appearing in the borrowed colour  
 “ of vermillion, and with pencilled  
 “ eye-brows, and thus deceive you  
 “ by giving myself to your sight and  
 “ touch different from what I am?  
 “ --- Much rather, she said, would  
 “ I touch *Ischomachus* than the finest  
 C “ vermillion,

“vermillion, and behold the native  
 “lustre and beauty of your eyes  
 “than the most exquisite ornament  
 “of art. --- Wonder not then, said  
 “*Ischomachus*, that I am more de-  
 “lighted with you than with artifi-  
 “cial colouring. The Gods have  
 “made animals for each other’s plea-  
 “sure, and the human body is most  
 “pleasing when it is most pure.  
 “These deceits may pass unnoticed  
 “by strangers, but not by those who  
 “live in familiar union: They are  
 “discovered in rising from the bed,  
 “or betrayed by perspiration, ba-  
 “thing, or tears. --- *Socrates* here in-  
 “terposed---What answer did she  
 “make *Ischomachus*? --- No other  
 “than that she would endeavour still  
 “to be neat and pure: She asked me  
 “also, whether I could instruct her to  
 “be truly fair, and not barely to  
 “seem



“ seem so.---Then *Socrates*, I coun-  
 “ selled her, not to be indolent, but  
 “ first to supplicate the Gods, and  
 “ afterwards superintend the business  
 “ of her loom, teach her maidens  
 “ what she knew more accurately  
 “ than they, and learn from them  
 “ what she was ignorant of. To inspect  
 “ the apartments of her cook and her  
 “ butler, and see whether all things  
 “ had their proper places; for these  
 “ seemed to me to be employment  
 “ and exercise. I commended to her  
 “ the care of all her garments, linen,  
 “ and tapestry, the dying, washing,  
 “ and proper disposition of them;  
 “ For, *thus exercised*, I said, *She*  
 “ *would eat more pleasantly, enjoy more*  
 “ *equal health, and be indeed more*  
 “ *lovelily complexioned.*” Such are  
 the sentiments of that learned *Grecian*,  
 and his art of preserving that beauty

which results from the body, sweetness of colour, and symmetry of limbs.

Perhaps these employments, so recommended by the *Greek*, and so contemned in our days, may, to *Ismene*, seem the rude cares of ignorant unpolished times; but *Athens* flourished with her *Xenophon* in arts and elegance which have never since been equalled; and in kingdoms where commerce and wealth had introduced all their refinements, we find these employments not unworthy of the highest stations. It is beyond a probability, that *Homer* hath delivered to us the manners of his own times, and in the following lines described the cares of the noblest matrons;



Αἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ποταμοῖο ῥέον περικαλλὲ' ἴκοντο,  
 Ἐνδ' ἦται πλῆυοὶ ἦσαν ἐπηετανοί, πολὺ δ' ὕδωρ  
 Καλὸν ὑπεκπερρέει, μάλα τ' ῥυτθώντα καθήρει·  
 Ἐνδ' αὖγ' ὁμίονες μὲν ὑπεκπερέλυσαν Ἀπῆνης,  
 Καὶ ἴες μὲν σέθεν ποταμὸν παρὰ Δινίηντα,  
 Τρώων ἀγρῶσιν μελινδῆα· ταὶ δ' Ἀπ' Ἀπῆνης  
 Εἶματα χερσὶν ἔλοντο, καὶ ἐσφύρον μέλαν ὕδωρ.  
 Σταῖσον δ' ἐν βόθροισι δοῶς ἔειδα προφέρουσαι·  
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πλῆυναν τε καθέσαν τε ῥύπα πάντα,  
 Ἐξείης πέτασαν παρὰ Δῖν' ἁλὸς, ἥχι μάλιστα  
 Λαίγυρας ποτὶ χέρσον ἀποπλύνεσκε θάλασσα.

*Odyss. lib. vi. l. 85.*

They seek the cisterns where *Phæacian* dames  
 Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;  
 Where gathering into depth from falling rills  
 The lucid wave a spacious basin fills;  
 The mules unharness'd range beside the main,  
 Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,  
 And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;  
 The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,  
 Their snowy lustre whitening all the strand.

Coarse as their task may seem, the  
 principal of these was the virgin  
 daughter of the *Phæacian* king the re-  
 C 3 nowned

owned *Alcinous*; and lest beauty should plead for an exemption from such labours, let me add the description of this young princess, in whose favour I would say, that to these healthful cares she, in part, owed the bloom of that beauty by which she was so distinguished;

Αἱ δ' ἠλοσσάμενοι καὶ χρισσάμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ,  
 Δείπνον ἔπειθ' εἴλοντο παρ' ὄχθησιν ποταμοῖο·  
 Εἴματα δ' ἡλίοιο μένον τεραήμεναι αὐγῇ.  
 Αὐτὰρ ἔπει σίτε τάρφδην δμῳαὶ τε καὶ αὐτῇ,  
 Σφαιρῇ ται τ' ἀρ' ἐπαιζον ἀπὸ κρήδεμνα βαλῦσαι,  
 Τῇσι δ' Ναυσικάα λευκώλεν' ἤρχετο μολπῆς·  
 Οἷν δ' Ἀρτέμις ἔισι κατ' ἑρεῶ' ἰοχέαισθ,  
 Ἡ κατὰ Τηθύγετον περικμήκετον, ἥ Εὐρυμάρδον,  
 Τερπομένη κάπρῳσι καὶ ὀκείῃς ἐλάφοισι,  
 Τῇ δὲ δ' ἄμα Νύμφαι κῆρυ Διὸς Αἰγυόχαια  
 Ἀλκινόμοι παίζουσιν γέγνηθε δὲ τε φρένα Λητώ,  
 Πασαῖν δ' ὕπερ ἦχε κέρη ἔχει ἠδὲ μέταπα,  
 Ρέα δ' ἀεγυῖά τη πέλεται, καλαὶ δὲ τε πάσαι·  
 Ως ἦγ' ἀμφιπόλοισι μετέπρεπε παρδέν' ἀδμής·

Then with a short repast relieve their toil,  
 And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;  
 And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,  
 O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play;

(Their



(Their shining veils unbound) along the skies  
 Toft and reft the ball incessant flies;  
 They sport, they feast, *Nausicaa* lifts her voice,  
 And warbling sweet, makes earth and heaven rejoice.  
 As when o'er *Erymanth* *Diana* roves,  
 Or wide *Taygetus* refounding groves,  
 A fylvan train the huntress queen furrounds,  
 Her rattling quiver from her shoulder founds;  
 Fierce in the sport along the mountain brow  
 They bay the boar or chafe the bounding roe;  
 High o'er the lawn with more majestic pace  
 Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace,  
 Distinguish'd excellence the goddess proves,  
*Latona* triumphs as the virgin moves;  
 With equal grace *Nausicaa* trod the plain,  
 And shone transcendent o'er the beautiful train.

Dress, *Critobulus*, hath so much to  
 do with figure, that it seems to be an  
 appendage to it. The end of dress  
 is to adorn and defend the body; no  
 dress can adorn that is not easy, for  
 uneasiness is an enemy to beauty;  
 and no dress can be said to defend the  
 body which is an injury to it. To  
 well-proportioned figures, that dress

is best adapted which discovers the beauty of the limbs; to deformed, that which conceals the deformity. If a figure hath exact symmetry, the dress which intirely hides it cannot be beautiful, and that which makes it different from what it is must be absurd. The *British* stays and hoop have no resemblance of the female form, and are so made as neither in rest nor motion to display the body; but the trailing garment derives beauty from its ease and flowing variety, and the epithet † of *long-robed*, which *Homer* ascribes to the *Trojan* matrons, gives an idea of their elegance without farther description. The dress of *English* men is formal and ungraceful, for no action nor movement causeth any change in the folds of their

† Αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρῳάδας ἰκεσιπέπλους.

*Iliad*, lib. vi. l. 442.



their garments. Their ancient robe was more graceful, which flowing over the left shoulder gave a fulness and dignity to the inactive arm, while the right was free to exert itself in action. Dress may be easy, yet not elegant: To be elegant it must be easy, display the body to advantage, and take variety of lines and folds from variety of movement.

**EXPRESSION** is the marshal of the mind: a good countenance, said the *British* queen *Elizabeth*, is a letter commendatory. Expression is *the painting of the mind on the surface of the body*; and, therefore, I said that all beauty resulting solely from the body consisted in *symmetry* and *sweetness of colour*. The best writers of the sixteenth century distinguished good expression by the name of *Favour*,

*our*, the outward semblance of some peculiar grace given by nature. Without it colour and figure would have little effect. *Sidney*, speaking of a woman devoid of expression, says, "*She was a woman beautiful enough, if it be possible that the only outside can justly entitle a beauty.*" Of another he saith, "*In that face there was neither majesty, grace, favour nor fairness.*" Expression is the animating part of every figure; without this soul of beauty the most regularly formed and delicately coloured is but a lifeless figure; add sweet expression, and then we form ideas of superior beings. It was this happy favour with a mixture of grace which subdued the heart of *Adam* to his *Eve* when he saw

— *Heaven in her eye,*

*In all her gestures dignity and love.*

Goodness,



Goodness, dignity and love are of the mind alone, yet so far as they are visible in the body, we ascribe them to it, and thereby heighten its beauty. As the minds of mankind differ, so will the outward expression, and no minds being exactly alike, no faces can be so, though they should in figure and colour correspond.

Although it be difficult to say how, yet it is apparent that both intellectual and moral powers diversify the expression of the face and gestures, "Such a person hath a wise countenance; sweet sensibility played in her eyes," and many similar observations signify an appearance of understanding in the body; and though this appearance is said to be oftner in the eyes, than in any other part, yet there are faces in every feature of which

which intelligence is stamped, while others, like blanks, bear no mark of wisdom.

The passions are more easily discovered than the degrees of understanding: every look and gesture partake of them, and carry some resemblance of their author, and as the passions are our virtues and vices, and virtue is more lovely than vice, so the good passions ever form the most beautiful expression. Though it may seem strange to prescribe rules for being beautiful, yet it is admitted universally, that whatever deforms the mind, lessens the beauty of the body. Vicious desires, such as enmity, thirsting for revenge, insatiable appetite of venery or money, and all unreasonable excessive pains or pleasures, envy fretted at another's prosperity,



prosperity, malevolence delighting in another's ills, jealousy, and riotous debauchery, stamp their ugliness on the face, and have afforded poets and painters more horrid expression than all other passions; for the poet and painter describe the passions by their visible effects on the body, which effects we call expression.

If vices are universally the parents of deformity, excesses are in general enemies to beauty. And yet some sensations and passions which, in their violence, are both vicious and deformed, in a less degree carry beauty with them. An inveterate excess of anger is *Enmity*, as ugly as it is vicious; yet there is a rising anger which is amiable: When an attempt is made to shake the religion of one of his heroines, *Sidney* says,  
 “ Her

"Her cheeks were dyed in the beau-  
 "tifullest grain of virtuous anger."  
 Speaking again of disdain, "One  
 "might see in her a willingness to  
 "dye, rather than to have life at  
 "others discretion, tho sometimes a  
 "princely disdain would sparkle out  
 "of her princely eyes, that it should  
 "be in others power to force her to  
 "die." Even fear can throw beauty  
 into the countenance; "A pretty  
 "fear came up to endamask her rosy  
 "cheeks, but it was such a fear as  
 "rather seemed a kindly child to her  
 "innate humbleness, than any other  
 "dismayedness." To this fear,  
 which only lights up a gentle glow,  
 the *Romans* gave the name of *Pudor*,  
 a modest fear, and such as in wo-  
 men is often lovely. But view the  
 same passion in a higher degree, and  
 in a man, and how deformed is its  
 expression?



expression? "But now, that present  
 "danger did display itself, one that  
 "had marked him would have judg-  
 "ed that his eyes would have run  
 "into him, and his soul out of him,  
 "so unkindly did either take a scent  
 "of danger."

There are other sensations, whose  
 excesses, although not vicious, are  
 yet displeasing; whereas the same,  
 in a moderate degree, are beautiful.  
*Shame*, that is ever skulking behind,  
 hath an awkward ungracious appear-  
 ance, and carries with it a mark of  
 folly; yet the shame of *Imogen* makes  
 her amiable when *Posthumus* saith,

*Me of my lawful pleasures so re-*  
*strained,*  
*Did it with a pudency so shy.*

Violent

Violent indignation of mind overcharges the features, but how engaging is the scorn of Zephon?

—His grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added  
grace  
Invincible.

Sadness and despondence furnish a gloomy and afflicting scene; yet the remorse of *Eve*, after her uneasy dream, forms a most inviting picture.

But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them  
with her hair.

I have taken examples from the pen of the poet rather than the pencil of the painter, because many have seen living originals of such sensations,  
and,



and, I believe none without admiration. Lady C——y one of the most beautiful women of *England* never looked to me so lovely as on a like occasion with her parent *Eve*; her anxiety, like shadows in a picture, then setting her charms in a fairer light.

Sometimes a mixture of sensations causeth sweet expression, as of joy and sorrow; “ With that she smiled,  
 “ which, mingled with her tears,  
 “ one could not tell whether it were  
 “ a mourning pleasure, or delightful  
 “ sorrow; but like, as when a few  
 “ *April* drops are scattered by a gentle south wind among fine coloured flowers.” — And, in like manner, that excess of joy which hath the effect of sorrow.

D

*Critobulus,*

*Critobulus*, I am not hasty to conclude, but from what I have seen so far as the passion, or degree of any passion is virtuous and commendable, the expression which it giveth is beautiful; and, if some expressions are pleasing to all men, you will indulge me in calling them really beautiful. You were wont to say, that lady C—— should ever be at a funeral; and lady J—— at a ball; and why, but to correct an expression of giddiness in the countenance of the former, and a soberness almost to sadness which dwelled about the mouth of the latter; for the excess and the defect of cheerfulness are alike uncommendable, and carry expressions which deviate equally from beauty. Though nature hath been liberal of delicate proportion, and so blended her roses in the dutchess of —, that



that in form and colour she is not surpassed; yet, an expression, that only looks like affectation, sometimes throws unpleasingness over her beauty, and, for a moment, makes that elegant form less inviting.

GRACE, *Critobulus*, is the finishing of beauty. It is *proper movement accompanied by good expression*. Movement is a general language, yet varying as the styles of writers. Elegant movement attended by sweet expression, like rich sentiment cloathed in proper words, is *grace*. There is a soul in every part of a graceful woman: Whatsoever she does, wheresoever she turns, if she delivers the smallest trifle, it is done with such consent of the head, the neck, the eyes, and the hands, as charms the receiver, and makes the trifle valuable.

Still, inactive figures cannot be graceful; there can be no *grace* where nothing is done, and nothing can be done elegantly without expression, without an appearance of the mind's consent. If the movement be quick, greater vivacity will lighten in the eyes and the whole face: If the motion be slow, the countenance will wear more softness and delicate languor.

Concerning the principal seat of grace, artists have differed; yet, in the works of the most eminent painters, the neck in woman seems to hold the pre-eminence, and not unworthily; for every movement gives a new appearance to the head, the neck, and the breast, three fairest parts of the female composition, and every elegant motion gives new elegance to all.



all. The various turns of the neck create such variety of winding lines from the cheek to the bosom, throw such diversity of shades, and discover so many charms, that *Homer*, conscious how irresistible the power of its movements is, placed immediately below it the seat of affection, sweet desire, and all love's endearments; for *Juno*, instructed by the *Paphian* queen, lodged in her bosom the Cestus which subdued the Thunder-bearer to her will.

Μειδῆσασα δ' ἐπέστα ἑὴ ἐγκατθετο κόλπον.

. . . . . And smiling prest

The pow'rful Cestus to her snowy breast      POPE.

Peculiar as grace may seem to the human species, by describing it *easy motion accompanied by sweet expression*, it is not confined to the human kind.

You have admired it in the ambition of the race and the warrior-horse, in the winding depredations of the hawk, the elegant form of the dove, and the movement of the yellow-crested pheasant of *China*, the loveliest of the volatile kind, whether you respect the variety and splendor of his colours, the beauty of his form, the light ease of his flight, or above all, the pride and elegance of his address.

I beg leave to say of *grace*, as I said of expression, there are some movements which are admired only by a few, while others, by the general consent of mankind, are allowed to be graceful; and such as strike all men alike, I adventure to call really beautiful, as I would call some actions really virtuous, which all men applaud.

CRITOBULUS.



**CRITOBULUS.**

If, *Lysias*, it were admitted that beauty was something real; yet is it not fatal to the minds of the possessors and the pursuers? Adulation forces the beautiful so far from the course of reason, that they give way to the tide of vanity; and jealousies in their admirers produce all the misfortunes which attend animosity and bitter enmity; what a cloud of witnesses hang around me prepared to prove the miseries consequent of beauty. *Troy, Persopolis, and Egypt*, are monuments of its fatal effects.

**LYSIAS.**

I confess that all these suffered by the means of beautiful women, and

will also admit that many fine women have been imprudent, and impaired their outward beauty by deformity of mind : But the conclusion seems rather too general, that outward beauty is therefore to be despised as the bane of reason. Power hath been often abused ; but you would call me hasty, if I should therefore say, that all men of power were tyrants. Ignorance and vanity, you say, are remarkable among those who are flattered only with moderate beauty : But these are to be charged no more to the account of beauty, than tyranny to that of power. On the contrary, I believe many examples may be produced in both sexes of the greatest endowments of mind united to the greatest bodily excellences. The celebrated *Argive*, whose beauty *Homer* would derive from no less



less original than Jove, is not inferior in riches of sentiment to the chariest ladies of the *Iliad*; and it is to her lamentation we owe the sweetest lines, the most delicate finishing of *Hector's* admired character. But without applying to ancient story; even in our own nation, the *Black Prince*, *Edward the fourth*, *Philip Sidney*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, *Marlborough*, and many memorable persons whose geniuses still survive, were in their forms remarkably compleat. Among the females, celebrated by our poets and historians, are the *countess of Salisbury*, the third *Edward's* favourite, *Jane Grey*, and that unhappy sport of fortune *Mary Stuart* of Scotland, remarkable for elegance of genius as of form, whom *Shakespeare* describes

“ Uttering

“ Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.

“ That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

“ And mighty stars shot madly from their spheres

“ To hear the sea-maid's music.

With them lived *Mary Sidney*, afterwards *Pembroke*, in whom the muses and the graces seemed to meet, and whose letters declared her to be mistress of a pen not inferior to that of her brother. You would censure my remembrance if, while this age is before me, I should forget the daughters of the great but unfortunate *Walter*, and sisters of the more unhappy *Robert Devereux*, *Penelope* and *Dorothea* the elder, shadowed under borrowed names in that elegant poem called *Arcadia*, two examples of beauty as different as rare, which tho' they flourish in your memory, you will not be displeased to hear.

“ When



“ When I marked them, methought  
 “ there was more sweetness in *Philo-*  
 “ *clea*, more majesty in *Pamela*;  
 “ methought love played in *Philo-*  
 “ *clea*’s eyes, threatened in *Pamela*’s;  
 “ methought *Philoclea*’s beauty only  
 “ perfwaded, but so perfwaded as all  
 “ hearts must yield; *Pamela*’s beau-  
 “ ty used violence, but such violence  
 “ as no heart could resist.” After  
 describing the appearance and effects  
 of their outward beauty, that learned  
 scholar of nature shews how those  
 external charms corresponded with or  
 flowed from their inward virtues.  
 “ And it seems that such proportion  
 “ is between their minds: *Philoclea*  
 “ so bashful, as if her excellences  
 “ had stolen into her before she was  
 “ aware; so humble, that she will  
 “ put all pride out of countenance;  
 “ In sum, such proceeding as will stir  
 hope,

“hope, but teach hope good man-  
 “ners. *Pamela* of high thoughts,  
 “who avoids not pride by not  
 “knowing her excellences, but by  
 “making that one of her excellences  
 “to be void of pride.” My *Crito-*  
*hulus*, both pictures excel, but *Pene-*  
*lope*’s is pleasing; the sister will be  
 admired, but *Penelope* for ever will  
 be loved; the great and dignified  
 meet in the elder, but all that is de-  
 licate and feminine graces *Penelope*.  
 Gentleness, modesty and humble sense  
 are orators which, in a fine form,  
 cannot fail to persuade, and perswa-  
 sion is ever more pleasing than force.  
 High thoughts and majesty of de-  
 portment in the like form, approach  
 nearer to masculine excellence, and  
 are more attractive of admiration,  
 but less of love. You will say that  
 all whom I have named, escaped  
 not



not censure. Great perfection escapes it rarely, their own genius, and the elegant writings for which they afforded matter, were powerful encouragers of envy, and envy is calumnious.---In a later age lived *Lucy Piercy*, afterwards *Carlisle*, so frequently recorded in the letters of great men in that age, and *Dorothea Sidney*, who employed the elegant pen of *Waller*. Yet why should I recur to passed times; of the power of beauty *Critobulus* is not insensible; of his taste *Laodice* stands a lovely example, *Homer* would not have blushed to say of her,

Οὐ' νηυσὶς Τρῶας ἢ εὐκνημίδας Ἀχαιοὺς  
Τοιῇ δ' ἄμφοι γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἀλγέα παύειν.

Who can upbraid if Greek and Trojan arms  
Whole ages war for such a woman's charms?

But leaving particular examples, I believe it may be maintained in general,

neral, that the more perfect the animal  
economy is, the more capable the  
mind is of exerting its powers, I say  
more capable, not that those powers  
are always exerted, too often they are  
neglected while the minds of persons,  
less amiable in form, are cultivated  
by labour, and shine much brighter:  
but where the organs of the body are  
most perfect, and obstructions to the  
animal employments are fewest, there  
I think the mind may exercise its  
powers most freely, and, if rightly di-  
rected, attain the highest perfection.

I have heard from *Critobulus* that  
the understanding of dwarfs and de-  
formed persons is often surpassing,  
but I think their genius discovers itself  
more generally in shrewdness, in bi-  
ting sharp sayings, than in generous  
humane sentiments. They have two  
ways



ways by which to conquer the scorn of mankind, saith *Verulam*, by virtue or malice; and he concludes that it is most generally done by the latter. The great character of scurrility and malice drawn by *Homer* is *Thersites*, and the poet hath made his body deformed as his mind. But I hasten from a subject which hath the appearance of inhumanity. From living examples I am induced to believe, that if equal care was taken of the minds as of the bodies of the best formed persons, they would equally surpass in both; but a fine complexion and well-turned limbs are too often thought sufficient ornaments, and children being early taught to overvalue them, grow less exact of inward beauty. If parents could be perswaded that nothing heightens beauty more than virtue,  
and

and that every bad passion which takes root in the heart is as fatal to the face as the small pox; they would be no less industrious to improve the mind by inculcating virtue, than they are to preserve the face by inoculation. The best beautifying wash is goodness; without it the most delicate complexion, the finest features are displeasing, and vice makes them shocking.

Among the many elegant women, when I was last at the court, was one not so often seen as others, for she prefer'd retirement, nor so much spoken of as others who are ennobled, yet known and admired by *Critobulus*, *Anne B---* of *A---ts L---y* in *Hertfordshire*. This lady, added to a pleasing stature, and perfect symmetry of face, had all the tender  
passions



passions so mixed in her mind, that  
 her countenance never changed but  
 from one beautiful expression to ano-  
 ther: she had the art of making  
 others lovely, for they caught her  
 passions, and became so far like her.  
 Something of enchantment dwelt  
 around her, which took the wildest,  
 which, as *Sannazaro* says, *Reimpieva*  
*di vaghezza gli occhi che 'l miravano.*  
*Critobulus*, I have seen features as ex-  
 act, and a complexion as delicate and  
 healthful; but something looked  
 from these surpassing all that I have  
 seen, something that shed a glory  
 from her eyes, and gave a charm to  
 every movement. It was a mind  
 lovely as her face. The force of  
 such beauty can only be conceived by  
 those who have known it; every  
 thing comes recommended by it. It  
 hath an effect not unlike that of pow-  
 E er;

er; the same deportment from a prince and a private man makes very different impressions; the same civility from a graceful woman affects more sensibly than from another less elegant; else why is it that *Critobulus* so often gives his ear to Lady *E-grew--t*, when lady *N---d*, with no less obliging manners, is equally near to him.

Nothing proves the power of beauty more than our affections to beautiful persons; they are free and disinterested, guided by no views of gain, but by the single excellence of beauty. Without goodness there cannot be such beauty as I have mentioned, and that it is so rare is a consequence of education. The eloquence of *Critobulus* would suffer no less than a fine face, if it was prostituted or sullied



lied by mean contemptible passions. Beauty is like eloquence, without virtue neither can charm us long. "He is no orator," saith *Cicero*, "unless he is a good man;" she is not beautiful, I might say, unless she is a good woman. Educate women to humane, generous, tender passions, and they will plead in their behalf without the use of words: But such education is rare. The early delight of parents is to inform their child that her neck is fair, that her limbs are well turned; why then should she blush to expose them? Thus one of the strongest guards, a sense of shame, is early destroyed; a forwardness to expose whatever seems beautiful and alluring succeeds; and if the young maid is fortunate enough to be well espoused, yet a love of the lowest admiration usually

continues, and sometimes to the uneasiness of the husband, who considers marriage as a contract which surrenders her beauty and affections to him alone. This is to be charged to education : For, it is not less easy to cultivate good passions in the beautiful than in the deformed ; but, if they are not cultivated, irregular desires will grow ; not without a sense that they are wrong, therefore not without a thousand artifices to conceal them. Hence deceits that make life unhappy, and, after marriage, untimely discoveries of passions before too well disguised. *Critobulus*, I speak only my own opinion ; children should exercise for health, and that exercise would give beauty ; read for amusement, and they would find information ; they should neither hear nor see what was indecent, and they



they would neither say nor do what was improper. I have read of a queen " Who made her people, by  
 " peace, warlike; her courtiers, by  
 " sports, learned; her ladies, by love,  
 " chaste; for by continual martial  
 " exercises, without blood, she made  
 " them perfect in that bloody art: her  
 " sports were such as carried riches of  
 " knowledge upon the stream of  
 " delight; and such the behaviour  
 " both of herself and her ladies, as  
 " builded their chastity, not upon  
 " waywardness, but the choice of  
 " worthiness."

Is it less the duty of parents to form their children well, than of sovereigns to lead their subjects by good examples? *Critobulus*, I am not digressing: It is the fault of education, that there is little virtue; and it is the

the fault of vice, that there is little dignity or beauty. From women nursed in indolence, and tutored in French romance, what can be hoped? Not that pure modesty which is the grace and ornament of a fine face. Among men sunk in luxury, and enervated by debauch, strangers to the lance and the spear, would you search for dignity and spirit, for admirals and leaders whose looks would draw reverence?

*Critobulus*, I will shortly end; if there be such a thing as real beauty; if those who have the greatest outward perfection, are as capable as others of inward excellence, and the highest beauty results from an union of both, you will allow me to conclude, that external beauty is a blessing, that virtue is a greater, but that  
 virtue,



virtue, like a rich jewel, never looks more lovely than when it is well set. If *Critobulus* denies the conclusion, I shall only desire one witness, *Laodice* to support me.

*F I N I S.*

( 71 )  
V  
virtue, like a rich jewel, never looks  
more lovely than when it is well set.  
It Crispian denies the conclusion,  
I shall only define one witness, too  
late to support me.





